

The first part of the contention of the two famous

fetch me weapons, and stand you all aside.

Cade. Now sword, if thou dost not hew this burly bond churl into chines of beefe, I beseech God thou maist fall into some smiths hand and be turnd into hobnailes.

Eyden. Come on thy way. *They fight, and Cade falls downe.*

Cade. Oh villain, thou hast slaine the floure of Kent for chivalry, but it is famine & not thee that has done it. for come ten thousand diuels, & giue me but the ten meals that I wanted this five daies, and ile fight with you all, and so a pox rot thee, for lacke Cade must die. *he dies.*

Eyden. Jack Cade, & was it that monstrous rebell which I haue slaine: oh sword I honor thee for this, and in my chamber shalt thou hang as a monumēt to after age, for this great seruice thou hast done to me, ile drag him hence, and with my sword cut off head and beare it with me. *exit*

Enter the Duke of Yorke with drum and souldiers.

Yorke. In Armes from Ireland comes Yorke amaine,
Ring bells alowd, bonfires perfume the ayre,
To entertaine faire Englands royall King:
Ah *sancta Maiestu*, who would not buy thee deare?

Enter the duke of Buckingham.

But soft, who comes here? Buckingham, what news with him?

Buck. Yorke, if thou meane wel, I greet thee so.

Yorke. Humphrey of Buckingham, welcome I sweare,
What comest thou in loue, or as a messenger?

Buck. I come as a messenger from our dread lord & soueraign Henry, to know the reason of these Armes in peace?
Or that thou being a subiect as I am,
Shouldst thus approach so neare with colours spread,
Whereas the person of the King doth keepe?

Yorke. A subiect as he is!

O how I hate these spightfull abiect termes,
But Yorke, dissemble till thou meete thy sonnes,
Who now in Armes expect their fathers fight,
And farre hence I know they cannot be:
Humphrey Duke of Buckingham, pardon me,

That

That I answerd not at first, my mind was
I came to remoue that monstrous rebell
And heaue prowd Somerset from out
That basely yeelded vp the townes in

Buck. Why that was presumption of
But if it be no otherwise but so,

The King doth pardon thee, and grant
And Somerset is sent vnto the Tower

Yorke. Vpon thine honour is it so?

Buck. Yorke, he is vpon mine honour

Yorke. Then before thy face, I heere
Sirs, meete me to morrow in saint Georges
And there you shall receiue your pay

exit souldiers

Buck. Come Yorke, thou shalt go
But see, his grace is comming to mee

enter King Henry

King. How now Buckingham, is
That thus thou bringst him hand in

Buck. He is my lord, and hath dishonour
Which came with him, but as your cause
To heaue the duke of Somerset from
And to subdue the rebells that were

King. Then welcome cousin York
And thanks for thy great seruice done
Against those traitorous Irish that rebel

enter master Eyden with his

Eyden. Long liue Henry in triumph
Lo here (my Lord) vpon my bended knee
I here present the traitorous head of
That hand to hand in single fight I

King. First, thanks to heaven, a
That hast subdude that wicked traitor
Oh let me see that head that in his life
Did worke me and my land such
A visage sterne, cole blacke his cur
Deepe trenched furrowes in his face